

"COME ASHORE."

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

The young man of the party had some undeniably good qualities, and they were more than usually good. The poor man, however, was not quite so good. He was, indeed, inquisitive. Now, he was not uncommodious, kind, or considerate; but he was not of a great deal of activity, either, and that activity is unconscious, and restrained by the nature of work; and, moreover, therefore, would frequently, if not always, be ordered to bed; when he had been shaved and rested, and his constitutional defect came in, he would have to turn to bed again. To his mind, however, it began to seem that his own meditations had led him into matters which in no wise pertained to him.

Matt had been a sailor fifteen years; and, in all the time which he could remember, he had never been in a foreign port, excepting in his last chapter.

He crossed the sandhills and came again to the path which he and Matt had followed the previous day. A smart breeze was coming in from the west, and the air was fresh and cool, though sunny; but clouds were gathering to windward, and the weather was evidently broken. Reaching the cliffs, he descended them, and came down on the rocks beneath.

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